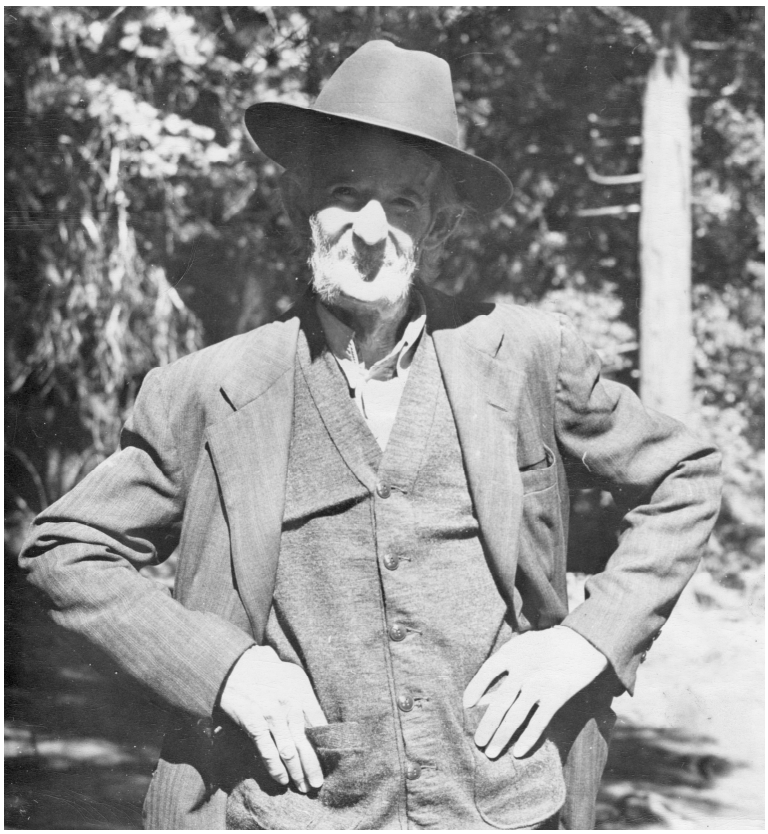
December 24, 1932 to July 18, 1933 Diary (typescript)
Robert Haley Asher



Robert Haley Asher, September 9, 1945

Robert Haley Asher was born 28 March 1868, to Josephus Marion Asher, who was the first commercial nurseryman in the San Diego area, providing buyers with fruit trees, shrubs, & vines from his Fruit Vale ranch in Paradise Valley, National City. Robert Asher settled on Palomar Mountain in 1903, and ultimately had 160 acres, living in the Pauma Creek / State Park area. Robert Asher also lived off Palomar Mountain part of the year working as a nurseryman among other things. On Palomar, Asher photographed summer campers, then developed and sold them photos; he also sold postcards off his photos, trapped animals for pelts, collected and sold wild plants, picked apples, and worked odd jobs. Asher moved off Palomar Mountain in 1946 to his sister Mrs. Josephine A. Vacher's place on Fuerte Drive in El Cajon and continued to visit Palomar Mountain until 1951. Asher passed away on 25 April 1953.

These digitized pages are from the Robert Haley Asher papers (held by Peter Brueggeman). When Josephine Vacher's son vacated the family house in El Cajon, the family gave Robert Asher materials at that location to Peter, due to his Palomar Mountain history interests. Digitization of these materials and posting them to the Internet Archive is intended to enhance and preserve access to these materials.

Typescript diary entries from December 24, 1932 to July 18, 1933

ccl. Diary. Asher. Palomar.

Spruce Hill Camp, April 22, 1933.

Dear Bob;-

Nearly four months of the year 1933 gone already, Bob, and what have accomplished? Not very much, I'm afraid. We will go back to San Ysidro December 24th. From San Ysidro we went over to Vacher's. On the way through San Diego we stopped in at the First Church. Saw Bob Fleisher, E D.G. Cowles and John Bunyan Smith. Dr. Smith took me down to the basement where our Baptist folks were fixing up Christmas baskets and packages for people who would otherwise have very little Christmas cheer. Had lunch with them and then got a ride out to El Cajon City with one of the Baptist brothers and his wife. Walked up to Vacher's carrying my blankets etc. Heap plenty tired -- but made it unassisted. Eugene deBac had gone to Washington, D.C.,to take the exams for U.S. Diplomatic Service. On Christmas morning, before getting up time, was taken violently ill -- stomach. In bed several days. Gradually got on my feet again. Pretty weak at first. Chopped wood. Dug weeds. Pruned rose bushes. Gardened quite a bit. Don't know whether we were more help than nuisance. About the only cash money we spent was for S.D.Tribune subscription.Before leaving Vacher's Josie hand ed me a ten dollar bill. We were nearly broke, so the ten came in mighty handy.Near end of March, Gene, who was back from Washington, took me down to Hill's drug store corner where D.G.C. and Bob Fleisher met us and took me on up to Palomar. They had intended driving on down to my place, but Planwydd the Judsons informed us that the road to the west was blocked by deep snow and falled trees. So we we left th

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the machine at Judson's and walked down to Spruce Hill Camp by way of Chimney Flat and the Doane Valleys.Cowles and Fleisher remained on the mountain for a day or two longer, camping overnight at Judson's.On Friday we went ove over the line of the proposed road to Tepee Flat, continuing along hillside up to Lookout Point on the southwest corner of the property. I was working Saturday, Monday,Tuesday and Wednesday on the new Lone Pine Trail to Tepee Flat. On the first Sunday after arrival we were up to Hill's. Mrs Hill, "Uncle" Tom Pilkington,and his daughters Josephin and Elsie, were all O.K. despite their hard winters experience with unusually deep snows etc. was up to Judson's on Monday to get some of my things. Don't remember what I did Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Spent second Sunday at Gus Weber's. No hot cakes this time for Sunday morning breakfast. Had what they called "Grandpa's Food!" Some kind of health food -- maybe with farina as a base. But farina is a starch -- isn't it? So I am still to learn.Webers getting along nicely. Roof all on, but only part of the sides -- and no floor -- although all flooring needed is inside and protected from the weather/ At Chupa Rosa Park on Monday came a bunch of the older Baptist boys under the leadership of Diltz G. Cowles. I was working with them off and on all week. They fixed up the Doane Valley road from West End Grade to the Settee at head of my old road. They cleaned up the old road to the lower end above Spruce Hill Camp and got cars down thatmfar. Then they worked trail -- partly new , but mosyly old Saw-Tooth Trail.-- down to Tepee Flat. From there they dittoed to s.w. corner, above

my old Dugout. Pretty good for one week's work! Also, Prof. Livingston, President of the Baptist City Missions Society, did some surveying in effort to locate corners. From the s.w. corner, as he located it, he ran a traverse to girdled oak(Still alive)about 120 feet easterly from Tepee. According to Livingston's calculations the north and south line between our two forties runs 12 feet west of a stake driven in the ground at west base of the girdled oak. Easter Sunday at Hill's. Bill Beach and his Maryan were over for a little visit. Also Eddie Lyon on his return from the post-office dropped in with mail for Mrs Hill and the Pilkington At Spruce Hill Carl Embree and Otto Bagda stayed over week end to do more work for the Society. Sunay night they were in the tent above my house, but rain coming -- very light - they skipped up the road to what remains of the Oliver house. The main part of the Oliver building collapsed during the winter -- presumably from weight of too much snow. Monday was cloudy and foggy. Light, misty rains. Burned off worst brush at end of road above my camp. Started fixing up my sleeping cabin. Tuesday. Snow! Did more work in the cabi in. Heard boys at work chopping on Tepee Flat. I went down. Tried to split old cedar log, but got both steel wedges stuck. My little ax was buried under the snow and I couldnt find it. Was figuring on making some oak wedges. Too wet and snowy and cold anyhow -- returned to camp. Wednesday snow. But the boys went down to the Tepee and were working there. They started fires to burn brush and dead trees. As for me, I didn't like risking the slippery trail down, so I worked arounf the house and digging on terrace near apple

tree etc. Thursday and Friday; All hands burning logs and brush. I ran a fire-guard trail around upper side of flat. Fire was inclined to run too freely dry ferns on the flat Friday afternoon, so gave orders no more burning. Thunderheads to east and overhead late. Some big drops of rain at Spruce Hill Camp 5.30 P.M. Mrs Carl Embree and small son Charlie spent the day at Tepee Flat with Carl and Otto. She had ~~driven~~ come up the mountain the day before with friends to Oliver Place. On Saturday I rigged up framework for the roof over the entrance cut to the Williedun Well -- so named after Bill Beach, who has done most of the digging so far. After early lunch went down to the Teppe and put out all fires and smokes. Then back to Spruce Hill -- tired -- just puttering around. Carl came up from Tepee 5 P.M. carrying tools. Later came Otto with ax and spade. They left spade here with other tools belonging to the church. 2 picks, 2 square pointed shovels(one long-handled and one short), and a short-handled spade. All other tools they took with them. Sunday: At Hill's. All O.K. They had company for dinner.- Jack Burns of Birch Hill Camp Sites, Mr. Chapman(brother of the artist-illustrator), Mrs Murray, also of Camp Sites, and her small nephew. Jack sprang his story about razor-back hogs. Then we got around to some deer stories. Jack had taken Chapman out deer-hunting. Chapman seemed to have a poor opinion of Palomar Mountain deer -- too little -- just raboits. "Why", he declared, "I could put them in my vest pockets." "Yeah," grunted Jack, "You could -- and they'd kick all the buttons offen your vest."

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ccc4. Diary. Asher. Palomar.

24. Monday.
April 25. Sunday. Went up to Oliver's before breakfast to see if bucket and can-opener I lent Otto and Carl were there had been left there

1933 —

Thursday. April 27. Went up north of Yellow Pine Camp to Rhamnus bark. Founf some. Cloudy, cold, damp, so did not bother to gather any. Bark on some bushes not slipping good yet. Worked a bit on Rinkle Tinkle Tunnel. After early lunch went down to Tepee to work on the old cedar log, but it started to rain, so b came back to camp. Read a little, chopped a little. Undid two barley sacks and sewed them together for use in gathering bark. Rain -- real rain, too! Heard distant thunder. Foggy all afternoon in addition to the rain.

Friday. April 28. Light mists all night. At 6 A.M. clouds high, lower edge touching top of Little Morgan Hill. Little Morgan white with snow as low as Castle Hill. No snow here except in Williedon Well. Must have snowed during the night and then turned warmer. Light rain in morning gra gradually increasing to good rain. Still raining at nightfall. Managed to exist during day -- but tough work. Diggin near apple tree early. Chopped wood off and on for exercise I had gathered in some roots etc. early in day. Copied a lo lot of quotations from Job for first booklet. Little or no wind until nightfall. This storm -- although it has all the ear-marks of a general, off-the-ocean disturbance, started in a peculiar manner. Yesterday morning, when I got up, it was perfectly clear. Some time later I noticed a single small cloud over Little Morgan Hill and two others off to the west above Gomez Point. About 7 o'clock, just before I started across the creek looking for Rhamnus bark, a single-file group of clouds were driving rapidly from

southeast to northwest -- seem seemingly directly above the summits of the Hill Ranch - Morgan Hill Range. They were all of approximately the same size and shape --- tilted mounds -- tops tilted to the right and bases lying at an angle of about 45 degrees. Something like a dozen of them in sight at any one moment -- coming out of the southeast and disappearing over the top of Morgan Hill to the northwest. A few minutes later a larger and rounder cloud hove in sight --- the Captain on his horse in double-quick charge in line with his men on foot!

Saturday. April 29. Rained all last night and today. Must have had 5 or 6 inches of rain so far for this storm. And the FIRST real rainstorm of the winter -- if you can call the end of April winter. The last storm gave us mostly snow -- with only a trace of rain. And before that the only rainfall reported for the winter totaled twenty-nine hundredths of an inch! Think of that! And Palomar's average rainfall said to be about 60 inches!per annum! Continuous westerly winds past 24 hours -- and not a trace of snow. In house all day except for some wood-chopping under shelter of porch. Knocked down the decrepit old kitchen stove. Oven had falled in and it was manufacturing too much danger gas. May install the little wood-heater stove later if I don't need it more urgently elsewhere. Enclosed the desk-stamp room and cut a passage way into tne "Cubby Hole" where the larger wood heater has been lo these many years. Foggy all day in addition the the rain.

ccc7. Diary. Asher. Palomar.

Sunday. April 30. More rain last night. None today. Mostly cloudy. Some fog early. Breakfast and dinner at Hill's. Mrs H. and Miss J.P. rode over to Bailey's for mail and supplies. They had not been able to get out during the storm. First thing in the morning they had a perfectly gorgeous time trying to get the kitchen stove started -- wood all wet! They had had plenty of wood stowed away for the winter up to now -- but this last storm caught them shy of wood. Uncle Tom had been busy chopping up falled limbs into short lengths and had put them up in little piles along the road for Gus to haul in -- but Gus had been too busy to do the hauling. Had inquiry from Barnes regarding possible supply of "Chiso". The specimen sent me has the appearance and delightful fragrance of what is called "Red Shank" here abouts.

"Chamiso"

Monday. Maym 1. First day of the so-called "fishing season", but have seen nary a sign of anyone down themcanyon to fish. Went down to the Tepee intending to do some work there, but decided not to. Took some tools and went over to Cedar Cree Creek -- but that didn't suit me either. Then to Columbine Iron Spring quite determined to do something more or less worth while. But that didn't look so good! Went back to Spruce Hill and puttered around the house. After lunch and deliberating on my deplorable lack of stick-to-itiveness I hiked down the trail to the Tepee and tackled the brush-clearing job -- cutting it and piling it up ready to burn, but concluded not to start any fires. Almost rain late.

Thursday. May 2. More or less foggy and misty. Worked in house, read etc. At 3.30 P.M. went up to mail box at Doane cabins. Nothing there. Sat down on a rock and started to scribble a note to Barnes concerning the Chamiso matter when along came Gus Weber and Eddie Lyon postoffice bound. Went up to Bailey's with them. Bought some grub from Bill Colville -- 75 cents. Gave Colville the 75 cents in cash money and also paid him what I owed him account previous purchases -- $1.25. Never saw anyone seem so glad to get such a small amount.

Wednesday. May 3. Clear. Cold. East wind. Heavy frost. Am afraid apple blossoms frozen. Daffodils that came into bloom two weeks ago still good.Went down to Tepee to split out a cedar post or two. Then over to Lookout Point and on up to West End Grade near head of old Lone Fir Trail. Hence to Adams orchard to look for arrowheads. Got only one good specimen. Home tired out -- crawled into the blankets and stayed there for two full hours. Balance of afternoon putte puttering around house and reading.

Thursday. May 4. Clear. Some frost in morning. Got out posts at Tepee and planted one on leased ground. Started a pencil sketch of the Tepee -- but a cold wind came up and put a stop to it. Back to Spruce Hill. Cut and trimmed some cedar and fir poles. Dug around house a bit. Some clouds overhead late. Foggy on top of Little Morgan Hill.

Friday. May 5. Foggy and cloudy all day. Was down to Tepee twice to get tools, etc. Have decided to work no more there

for the present -- probably not until Society puts in pipe for water system as agreed upon. Worked in and around house

Saturday. May 6. Heavy frost -- most severe for weeks. Clear early, some clouds later. Began banking dirt above and below big falled trees northeast of house. Have idea of story -- or possibly autobiography -- on the order of "Albert Grope" -- but from a different point of view as to the world in general and folks in particular. "Grope" begins with such abd so, and then " ---- where I first made my appearance in this rough and doubtful world". My experience has not been such as to justify any such declaration. I have found it to be a very interesting, positive, and amusing old world.

Sunday. May 7. Clear and frosty morning. Clouds forming over higher peaks PM. Cold all day. To Weber's for -- no -- flapjacks taboo -- for whatever it was. Gus is to go to work tomorrow for the Forest Service on telephone lines. Their house has no floor yet -- and only the south side inclosed.Strikes me that this south side has too little light especially on cold winter days. But cold winter days are wo working days for the Weber bunch -- night too -- and all so sorts of days -- mostly out-of-doors -- so can do. Water system on a strike. Gus went down to the pump and after all kinds of trouble decided that something was wrong with the check-valve.above pump near engine. It took all three of us to remove valve. Plenty grit in the valve.

Monday. May 8. Foggy.Light rain in night. Working on the terraces.

Tuesday. May 9. Foggy all A.M. Clouds and cold westerly winds all day. Digging on terraces most of day. Wrote Barnes, Matthes and D.B.D.

Wednesday. May 10. Snowing when I got up this morning. Not much snow on the ground at that time. Thought up something for the Capper's Farmer "Name The Bread Club". contest. "BAKRAKT SUPER BREAD". Also last line for C.F. May Limerick Contest. "Can't you see I'm only half done". Chopping wood now and then for exercise. Snowed steadily un til about noon. After that clouds lifted -- but no sun. Could see out from under the clouds towards the coast. Very clear and beautiful. Four or five inches snowfall at a rough guess. Sewing. Studying. Reading (the three R's). Fog settled down again 4 P.M.

Thursday. May 11. Snowing and foggy at 5 A.M. Tired of fog and cold. Short of grub, too, but do not propse tramping up to the store though the snow -- not today, at any rate. Snow and sleet off and on all day, with fog the whole time. Chopped wood. Fixed handle One-Wheel-Truck. Amused myself digging out the plot-outlines of old Black Cat stories. Did the Jig Saw Puzzle Dorcas sent me. One piece missing. Two hours doing it . First ever for me.

Friday. May 12. Fog all day. Faint glimpse of sun a time or two. No more snow nor rain up to 5 P.M. Near perfect cal calm. Worked inside the cabin and a bit outside on terraces Dug up more Black Cat plots.

Saturday. May 13. Fog off and on most of morning. Later on

lower fog clouds vanished. Thunder heads around all P.M. Did a little digging on Sunset Terrace but worked mostly in the office tacking on wall paper around the walls, arranging books and sorting over papers. Ran across a copy of William G. Smyth&s magazine published years ago. In it found "A San Diego Mystery", a bit of verse by one Robert H. Asher. It struck me as being not bad verse at all. Maybe the author should buckle down to writing poetry in real earnest? POETRY. PAINTING. LILY¾GROWING. Not a bad trio! But in view of recent Palomar weather if I were rewriting the Mystery I would feel inclined to substitute "Palomar" for "Back East". Am clear out of flour, potatoes and butter. No cereals except corn meal. No meat. No bacon orham. Have one old can of sardines and some beans.

Sunday. May ;4. Cold, with white frost in Doane Valley. Clear and beautiful after all the fog of the past week. Hot cakes at Hill's. Also dinner. Folks all O.K. ag -- but pestered with wet wood again! Storm caught them short once more! They had to saddle up old Blue and pack some in. And their water system had gone back on them. Eddie Lyon came over and played the role of plumber and his three assistants all by his lonely, just before the storm. Two of the "cut-offs" caused all the trouble -- cut-offs smaller than the main pipe, and muck had accumulated above them -- 10 or 12 inches solid plugs of mun! Maryann Beach and Mr. Chapman walked over from the Beah ranch in the afternoon. Spoke to Maryann about proposed use of Kenneth's house. Bill to let me know.

Monday. May 15. Clear. Mostly calm. Working early and late near Tepee. Digging on terrace and chopping brush. Dug over 100 plants Red Monardella for Carl Purdy. Wrote a number of letters.

Tuesday. May 16. Fog below. Worked for an hour or so near Tepee cutting and piling brush and digging. Packed Purdy's plants. To postoffice after dinner. Mr. Rogers -- new district ranger -- said that I could gather cascara and Red Shank on government land. Bill Beach at p.o. He didn't say a word about Kenneth's house -- so guess nothing doing. Shipped Monardella plants by parcels post -- postage 24cts. Mr. Judson says the he has the right to take the lumber from the Oliver house. Will move the stuff up to Planwydd later. Rogers waited for me to get my mail, then took me down to Lower Doane. From there we walked over to camp here via Tiger Lily Trail. Thence down to the Tepee by way of th the new Lone Pine trail. Back up old-new Sawtooth-Weaver Trail. He said I could burn the brush already piled near the Tepee -- he was sure that I would be careful -- but tha that there was to be no more brush-burning on the Flat until next winter. Nor the boys to pile up the brush, but to let it stand unburned until then. Also, he was with me in my determination to allow no fires at end of road above my house. There has been some disinclination to regard my expressed wish that no fires be made there. I hope he has posted the place to that effect. He expected to be back here again about June 1st accompanied by the new look-out man. He was delighted with Doane Valley, also with my place and Tepee Camp Grounds. Wished that Anderson -- his chief --

could see it all. Gophers have ~~finna-~~ finally girdled the last surviving apple tree near the house. It was full of bloom, too. And after years of watchful care -- trapping every gopher showing sign anywhere in the vicinity -- had nabbed between thirty and forty of them.

Wednesday. May 17. Clear. Clouds below -- but they went out early. Cold easterly wind. Worked morning and afternoon near Tepee cutting and piling brush and digging on No.1 Terrace. Gathered a little cascara bark. Feeling mean all day. At 4 P.M. my eyes were weeping, nose running etc. -- just like hay fever. Took paints and canvasses down to Tepee and rigged up a sketching tent -- but too much wind-- didn't even attempt to start the pictures. Hopefor better luck tomorrow. ANTS!

Thursday. May 18. Clear. Some frost at Tepee. Cutting and piling brush and digging on No.1 Terrace. Made another try at splitting the old cedar log. Now have 3 steel and two oak wedges stuck fast. Not hankering for much of that sort of work nohow -- so let 'em stick. Started painting a view of the Tepee from northeast. Digging on Sunset Terrace Late P.M. ANTS!

Friday. May 19. Clear. Chopping and piling brush on No.1 in the morning. Did a little more work on the painting but was obliged to quit on account of weeping eyes. Afternoon was at Tepee again but an attack of lumbago hit me and and I got back up the trail again and went to bed until 4 P.M. Sorted letter-blocks and read for awhile. Then tackled the terrace digging -- but lumbago hit me plenty. The ants are

still a nuisance, getting into everything get-into-able. And not the least other indication of a coming storm. ANTS!

Saturday. May 20. Clear. Fog away down below. Frost on Tepee Flat. Got through the day with only one hint of lumbago. Worked on Tepee Flat for a little while in the morning, then back here. The folks arrived shortly after 10 o'clock. D.G.Cowles, Bob Fleisher, Prof. Livingstone, Rev.Dr. Brown (Pastor National City Baptist Church) and his son, Mr. Stokeley and wife of Los Angeles, and a number ladies whose names I did not get. Mr. Stokeley may have a coule of bunches of boys up here in July. Mr. Stokeley is with the Los Angeles City Missiom Society. Mr. Cowles said that they figured on bringing up the pipe for the water system about Jun 1st. Doesn't seem to be any ants around today. Oh, I was forgetting! Mr. Cowles brought up the groceries I wanted. I paid him for them here -- $2.13. The other machine brought up the things from Vacher's. The folks there had had such s short notice this morning thet they had no time to pick me any oranges. Written later: I take it back! Ants right on deck 5 P.M. ANTS!

Sunday. May 21. A bit cloudy at 6 A.M. Looked as though thi things in the upper air were fixing up for a little thunder shower or two -- away off tothe west, and also south. Low fog near coast line. However, I decided not to take my rain coat along. At Hill's the three Pilkingtons were all right, but Mrs Hill was suffering from a cold -- had had it since last Monday. It was reported that Gus Weber also had a cold which had been hanging on for a month. Nothing was

said about it when I was at Weber's two weeks ago! The Webe Webers and Mrs Hill have been sicking persistantly and ~~fait~~ faithfully to the Brawn Diet. It's surely funny -- why ~~shou~~ should Brawn-Diet folks have colds when rank back-sliders like the Pilkingtons, living in the same house with Mrs Hill, go scott free? But maybe they'll have it yet. The Hil Ranch has a supply of compressed gas once more. So now only the big heater in the living-room burns wood. But that one big heater burns a great plenty -- if you will listen to Uncle Tom. Harry used to say the same thing. A little rain coming down about 2 P.M. At 3 P.M. it commenced in earnest. I figured that if I wanted to get home without swimming I had better get going pronto. Mrs Hill found a big piece of heavy wrapping-paper in the attic and rigged me up in it. Another piece was pinned over my head. Then I beat it for home -- telling folks that I ever met any cow-critters there'd sure be some stampede. Hadn't gone far when the ~~wat~~ water from my improvised raincoat got into my shoes -- feet soon soaking wet. Shortly the flooded area extended as far up as my knees. But who cared? Not I so long as I could re-maindry in the upper stories. So we flipped flapped along down the slippery road with Ol' Mister Wind doing his best to blow the wrapping paper from around my shoulders. I had my mail and some oranges in a paper sack -- the kind with handles on like the grocers give you to carry your groceries home in. Got down the road and half the way across Doan Valley with the paper sack hung over my shoulder under the wrapping paper, when smack bang, down went my bag of mail and oranges to the gras. I gathered the things up as best

I could into the remains of the paper sack and tucked it under my arm and resumed my journey -- having all sorts of trouble holding together. As I am writing this at 5 P.M. th the stove has a good fire in it and I am in dry clothes -- none the worse for the wetting -- oh yes, I did get wet -- plenty. Rain is pouring down outside. The ants were right! RAIN! RAIN! RAIN! Not a single ant around here now. All safe and satisfied in their oak-tree home. which, incident-ally, is a good fifty feet from this spot -- as a crow flies -- but much more as an ant perambulates

monday. may 22. Clear most of day. Frost at Tepee. Some fog hanging around down the canyon. Tried to burn brush at 8 A. M., but too wet. Worked on terraces. Doesn't look a bit like rain -- but here they are -- ANTS!

Tuesday. May 23. Clear. Tried to burn brush early, but not very successful. Put out fires soon after sun reached them -- east wind -- afraid fires might become too enthusiastic. Worked on No.1 Terrace. Carried up posts to No.1 P.M. Work-ed a bit on terrace under Loie Alder Spring. Chopped down a few saplings for poles. Wind died down late P.M. At sup-per -- as at noon time -- ants very busy in house. Still no other indication of a coming storm. But -- ANTS!

Wednesday. May 24. Clear. Worked near Tepee A.M. Back to house where Uncle Tom Pilkington arrived about 10.3o A.M. He visited with me here until 2 P.M. when I took him over to the north side via Iron Spring and Yellow Pine Camp to foot of trail leading from Doane Valley to French Valley R

Road and the Hill Ranch. He had brought lunches for both of us along, but my dinner was nearly ready upon his arrival. I had had breakfast at daylight and was hungry, while he had had his breakfast at 8.30 and wasn't yet hungry enough to eat. So he told me to go right ahead with my dinner -- which I did -- such manners! One teeny little cloud for a few minutes over the hills to the southeast -- then gone utterly.Ants very busy in the house. ANTS!

Thursday. May 25. Clear all day. Warmer. At 4 P.M. there seemed to be aline of fog off the coast. Had lunch at the Tepee. Clearing and piling brush near Buzzard Rock -- south and southwest. Ants still busy in house. ANTS!

Friday. May 26. Clear all day. Warm. Low fog in coastal valleys early. Cutting brush and digging terrace south of Buzzard Rock. Ants moderate. But -- ANTS!

Saturday. May 27. Clear all day. Fog in to foot of mountain covering all of the coastal hills, but went out early.Very warm.Worked near Buzzard Rock, then gathered some cascara from big bunch of bushes near Rock. Right in a rat's nest. Bark too thin to pay. Ants still busy in house. These are the medium-sized smelly kind. Hosts of winged ants in flight from nests in front of the house. Small, black kind. Had it yesterday, and again today only worse, something like hay fever. However --- ANTS!

Sunday. May 28. Clear all day. Also very warm all day. Fog in the valleys below about the same as yesterday. Small thunderheads over mountains to north and northeast about

about noon time. To Hill's as usual. All O.K. Mrs Hill has practically recover from the effects of her cold. Joshed her a bit about the Brawn Diet. The Brawn Diet was supposed to eliminate susceptibility to sich things as colds and hay fever. She said thatMr. Brawn had explained it by saying that it was something already in her system that was being eliminated. A sort of hangover from ~~previ~~- previous mistaken dieting habits --- sugars and starches and everyth thing that's nice -- eh what? Some gorgeous red tulips from Mrs Beaches garden. Bill and Maryann were over to the chicken dinner. Early in the past week a skunk got into the Hill chicken house and killed several. At this rate the chickens won't last long. Don Gordon up to Weber's over night. On motorbike. Stopped in at Hill's on way back for short visit. He may be up again in two weeks with the folks who have been living on the Old Gordon Place. Two weeks later he plans on having Joe and Mrs Miller up to call on me at my own place. Don said that he would like to have the road from the Oliver Place to Lower Doane Valley opened before then. I have been hoping that the State Park folks -- or Forest Service -- would get around to doing this very thing soon. There are several fallen oak trees and big limbs now lying across the road below my "Setee" -- theplace where my own private road branches off from the Doane Valley road. No ants in evidence inside the house just now -- but it is rather late in the day for them to be around -- 7 P.M.

Monday. May 29. Clear early, but thunder clouds around most of the day. Fog below early. Fog below again at 6 P.M.

cccl9. Diary. Asher. Palomar.

Thick haze yesterday and day before has shut off sunset views of the coast. Can't see anything in that direction. Worked A.M. on a new terrace above Louie SPring. Have some hope of developing water here. Warm all day. Took it e easy middle of day. Did some washing. After early supper worked same as A.M. ANTS!

Tuesday. May 30. Fog below all day. It came up to the edge of Tepee Flat about 1 P.M., but settled back toward evening. Just before sunset the tops of the fog-clouds lay in long, narrow billows with steep sides in shadows -- a very striking effect. Morning warm -- with thunder clouds east half of the sky. These were gone by noon. Colder P.M. Two men drove in about 7.30 and went down the canyo to fish. Gone all day. I went over to Doane Valley 6 A.M. to do some sketching -- but not enough sun to show up the shadows.Then back and downto Louie Spring for a bit of brush-cutting. Gathered some cascara bark and was up to the house at 9.15 A.M. Was getting dinner ready when along came Prof. Livingstone accompanied by the Radford family. Mr. Radford is an engineer. We ran over the pipe-line proposition and a bit later Brother Cowles turned up at Buzzard Rock with a Mr. Walthers of El Cajon -- an experienced road man. Cowles, Walther and Asher then looked over the road proposition. The Baptist folks were gone and I was having an early supper when who should turn up but Brer Judson with a Mr.Miller of La Mesa in tow. Mr. Miller wanted information regarding State Park corners. He intimated that the brand-new Forest Army were going to clean up the State Park lands

etc &c. Bob Fleisher and one of the scout leaders were reported to be on the Oliver Place "hunting arrow heads". It is possible that the two of them were also hunting for the tools the boys were supposed to have cached somewhere in vicinity after their work here during the Easter holidays. The ants seem to be busy outside under the big oak tree. I had dinner and supper outside -- so there was nothing left inside for them to molest. So -- ANTS!

Wednesday. May 31. Clear all day. Fog below until after 12 noon. At about 12 o'clock noticed most peculiar appearance of upper surface of clouds. Clouds were in windrows much as they were last night, but the tops of the clouds were colored purple and fading out on the sides -- precisely the opposite of last nights shades and colorings. At 2 P. M. fog had vanished utterly. Only one thin cloud high over the coast range. Worked from above Louie Spring around to above Buzzard Rock -- then ran contour on the level to the east. After dinner went over to Doane Valley with sketching material -- but came back without touching the pencils. Decided to combine sketching with work on the new terrace. After supper worked for awhile digging above Louie Spring.

1933. Thursday. June 1. Clear. Fog below all day. Same peculiar appearance of tops of fog clouds as yesterday. Some fog came up over Tepee about sunset, but went back down. Worked on terrace below house in the morning. Afternoon puttering around house. Went over to mail box. Nothing there. Noticed Mrs Hill and Miss J.P. riding toward creek in valle valley. Waited for them.They had been gathering mushrooms.

ccc21. Diary. Asher. Palomar.

Received letter from Barnes ~~$5.00~~ offering $5.00 for 100 pounds "Chamiso" f.o.b. railroad. He intimated that his people might take a ton of it later. Day before yesterday had letter from Purdy in reply to my plea for a little cash The plants had arrived safely but he had made two large pay ments lately -- so was short. However he sent a check for $2.5o and hoped to do better later. I was down to $1.25 cash -- and not a cent in the bank. Taxes not paid on either property. Water assessments at S.Y. due end of June. Ants still busy, but not so very bad inside. ANTS.

Friday. June 2. Clear early. Fog close in below. Haze and light clouds overhead middle of day. Colored ring around sun two or more hours midday. Worked in and around house. Went down to Tepee for rake and other tools. Not feeling good. A cold -- or hay-fever -- maybe both. Finished marking the Amerank Letter Blocks. The next thing is to think up some games in order to make the blocks do something useful for their country. Here is something to start with:

Give each player a certain number of blocks. Each player can use any sign on face of block as it lies (Or, if preferred, any sign on whole block). He sets down each word he makes up in a column. He counts the letters in his list of words. The player getting the most letters from his list of words wins. But if he gets a wrong word for any signthe opponent who first detects the mistake may take the block-word and add it to his own list. Example;---

ccc22. Diary. Asher. Palomar.
6
6 blocks to each player of two.

No.1.	No.2.
it -- 2.	would -- 5.
may --3.	please --6.
do --2.	but -- 3.
could -- 5.	all -- 3.
night --5.	with -- 4.
said -- 4.	say -- 3.
Total -- 23.	66
	Total -- 24.

No.2 wins.

Saturday. June 3. Clear here at the house -- but fog drifting in and out all day this side of the Tepee. Cutting brush and digging trail under Lookout Rock beneath the house northwest. Stuck around house P.M.Checking over Basic English and Kode Amerank words. Trying to save the gophered apple tree. Top still alive -- so I bent down a twig and grafted it into a root below the girdled part -- also made a bridge-graft from a good root to a connection under the bark of the main trunk of the tree. Afraid gophers still around tree so mixed in a lot of broken glass as I filled in the earth again. Cool all day -- yet ants busy inside. ANTS!

Sunday. May 4. Fog close in below -- and clouds here and there overhead. Looked like rain, but went up to Weber's. Fairly good day after all -- but rather cool. Alfalfa and grain coming along nicely. Mrs Weber was talking to Rogers at Oak Grove. He expects to be up the mountain on Tuesday o or Wednesday and was figuring on calling on me with the new lookout man first thing so that I can be ready to go to Oak Grove with him when he gets ready. Mr. Brawn was over to We Weber's while I was there. He said that Bud was at the old home in Pennsylvania but was having a hard time finding a job. Cherries were just getting ripe there. Uncle Tom's

foot was injured yesterday by a falling rock, so I left Weber's early in order to have time to go home by the way of the Hill Ranch. Gus did not seem to think that I would be a credit to him if I went down to Oak Grove with locks unshorn so he had cut my hair. At Hill's I said good bye to Uncle Tom and the girls. I am hoping to get back in time to vote on the 27th, but I didn't tell them so. If I do get up on the 27th I may not have time to call around in my hurry to return to Oak Grove. In Lower Doane Valley I met two couppes. They would like to own a cabin-site in the valley. "Most beautiful place outside Yosemite" They wanted to build a camp fire alongside the creek -- but had no permit. They may come back later. I told them to see Mr. Anderson, the Forest Supervisor, but offered to speak to Mr. Rogers on their behalf and let them know. Address: T.R.Jordan, 4753 North Talmadge Drive, San Diego. As I write this at 6.45 P.M. the fog is right here.

Monday. June 5. Misty rain falling good part ~~paty~~ of the morning About one-half of an inch. My cold and a cough made me feel more or less miserable. Kept inside the house A.M. At 11.30 went down to Tepee to try to burn some brush piles, but brush too wet to do much good. Afternoon inbed for an hour or two, then sorting papers and digging east of the house. No sign of the Baptist Camp folks yet. Guess they are waiting for good weather.Could see out under cloud-cap midday. Sun shining brightly over all of the coast country and perh perhaps half way in toward the mountain. At 6.30 P.M. fog here again, but not raining. It did rain, though, and my little ant prophets hit the nail square on the head once a

again. RAIN! And not an ant around! Have just run across account of my first settlement on the homestead. Of the first ~~six~~ 60 months(5 years) after settlement, I was on the homestead part or all of each of the sixty excepting only eight. I was not here during any of the first four Januarys That would seem to indicate that I had made it my business to be at the El Cajon home for Christmas, and that I had generally stayed for a month or six weeks longer in order to earn a grub stake.

Tuesday. June 6. Fog came up from below this morning,went out about 6 P.M. Threatening all day, but no rain. A bit of east wind at 6 o'clock probably responsible for driv- the fog back down the canyon. Worked early above house on the line for road switch-back. Had chopped off several branches of a ceanothus bush when happened to notice a rattler coiled up right under the bush. My feet must have been mighty near him for the minute or two that I had been whacking away at the bush. It was still early and he was probably feeling too cold to take a wack at me in return. Otherwise he could hardly failed to strike. But then, he may have been confused by the uncertainty of what really was making all the commotion around his devoted head. Well, he didn't get me -- that's something to be thankful for.I later presented the rattles to Mr. Eddie Lyon. Eddie declared that there were 8 rattles and a button according to his count. Eddie came along just as I was finishing an early dinner and remained until about 3 P.M. He got me got me going telling stories about some of my bulb-collect-

ing and other experiences. He said that he had just mailed a short-short to Liberty. He thought Liberty published some pretty poor stories -- so good chance for his. It is the first story manuscript he had ever sent to a publisher. Ireckon. He was quite surprised when I told him that Liberty was one of the hardest markets to make. I lent him a Writers Digest magazine containing an article on markets for short-shorts. Also lent him Dorst's book on technique of fiction writing. At 3.40 P.M. I hiked up to the mail-box hoping for letters. Noticed a small truck in Lower Doan standing in the old abandoned road above the pine trees. May be a State Park car. No sign of the Baptist folks yet. Should surely be here by tomorrow. Time short to get ready for the camp. Eddie said thet he might get down for a call on me while i am still at Oak Grove. He had made applicatio to get into the Conservation Army but had been turned down on ground that he had no dependents here. All his folks back east. His age -- 23 years. Two years out of college. On Brawn Diet. Brought along his own lunch. Raw carrots! Paper reports 2000 youngsters from Kentucky here or on the way. Wonder why this is thus?

Wednesday. June 7. Clear all day. Hot. Worked on Apple-Tree Terrace. Not well. Sat too long in house yesterday talking. At this writing -- 4 P.M. -- neither District Ranger Rogers nor the Baptist Camp folks have shown up. Heavy blasting at times during day, but could not determine direction.

Thursday. June 8. Clear all day. Hot. Packed my things and

carried them up to the end of the road. Not at all well. odor
The from the blooming ceanothus reaches even down to the house. I was resting for a moment at the end of the road when I caught a glimpse of some animal coming around a curve in the road higher up. At first I thought that it was a tree squirrel, but I kept perfectly quiet and it soon reappeared coming directly toward the spot where I standing
~~sitting~~ near the cut-off stump of a big cedar. It was a gray fox -- with something in it's mouth. I lost sight of it again behind the cedar stump. I waited a few seconds, but, thinking that the animal had gone down the side of the hill, started to turn around. At that instant the fox again came in sight beside the stump and gazed for a minute or more at my pile of luggage -- ~~in full view not~~ to one side twenty feet from where I was standing. He didn't seem to see me at all. Had a big long-tailed rat in its mouth -- crossways. Finally it turned around in its tracks and sedately trotted back up the road for fifty feet or so and then up the bank -- still carrying the precious rat. At 2.45 P.M. went up to the mail box. Mrs Hill and Miss Josephine Pilkington arrived at the gate beyon the mail box just as I hove in sight by the Doane Cabins. I was too late to open the gate. Thinking that I had gone to Oak Grove Mrs Hill had not asked for my mail. Mr. Dewey Rogers overdue -- also Camp folks.

Friday. June 9. Clear all day. Warm. Worked some on Apple-Tree Terrace. Looking over Literary Digest poems and extracting the motivating ideas of each one. Car drove in

this afternoon. More fishermen -- a Mr. Beemer and son of Pauma, and a young man whose name I did not get. The Beemers have 7 1/2 acres in two year old oranges and a lot of nursery stock. The Nursery trees are now being budded by a Santa Ana man. The Beemers used to live in Santa Ana. No word or sign of Camp folks nor of Ranger Rogers.

Saturday. June 10. Clear all day. Warm. Worked on Apple-Tree Terrace and Literary Digest poetry. No visitors. Went up to mail box. No letters or explanation of any sort for failure of Mr. Rogers to get around.

Sunday. Clear all day. Warm. All well at Hill's. Mrs Hill had spoken to Gus last evening about Roger's failure to come -- but Gus had said nothing. No one came near the Hill Ranch all day. So it is still a deep, dark mystery. I said something about having to return to the original plan of gathering Red Shank beyond the Beach ranch. Mrs Hill offered me the use of Old Blue -- "but not on mail days". Uncle Tom still unable to stand on his injured foot. The women folks get him into a rocking chair -- and then pull the rocker around like a sled. I left him on the porch enjoying the view. Gus got off early from his "Conservation" work yesterday and went down to El Cajon for more doors and window sash for the new house.

Monday. June 12. Clear all day.Ground fog below. Hot. Have about given up idea of Oak Grove trip.4$ P.M. now and no one come. Have been carrying the things I took up to end of road back down hill to the house. Am planning on going afoot to Beaches or High Point and get the Red

Shank there. So I shall take only what is essential -- and only enough for a few days stay. Dug a little on Apple-Tree Terrace -- but its too warm to attempt much in the way of hard work.

Tuesday. June 13. Clear. Some frost in Lower Doane Valley, but hot all day. Went up to Bailey's -- leaving here at 6 A.M. Back at 10 A.M. Had Mrs Bailey call up Weber Ranch and asked her to do the talking -- my hearing is so bad. Gus at phone, but, according to Mrs Bailey, he didn't seem to know anything about anybody named Rogers. It may be that something went wrong at Port La Cruz with the Conservation Army boys. He no Sabe! So I had Mrs B. call up the Oak Grove Ranger Station. Rogers himself at the phone. He said that it would be several days yet before he would be on the mountain. I told Mrs Bailey to tell Rogers that I didn't propose to wait any longer, but would strike out afoot. So that's that! Mrs Bailey has taken up art insomuch as she is copying pictures in water colors. Mr. Maurice Braun, my old teacher in oil colors, is at Schultz's, Palomar Camp Sites. He expected to remain until Friday, but I didn't feel like making the extra hike over there -- let alone go through more blooming ceanothus. Took it easy P.M. Put some of my stuff on my little Iron Age hand plow truck and ran out to head of Tiger Lily Trail near Doane Valley Road. Noticed fresh mountain lion tracks on soft ground above house and in the trails. Heard that a man with several lion dogs was around somewhere on the mountain. Mr. Rouch(pronounced row) is back again and is working at Bailey's. Will Colville plans on quitting

on quitting Bailey's on Sunday. He expects to fix up his cabin a bit and then go up the coast to Lower Klamath River. He has had charge at Bailey's all winter. No word at all from my Baptist Camp folks.

Wednesday. June 14. Left home (Spruce Hill Camp) about 5.15 A.M. with blanket roll, etc. Went up to mail box and got yesterday's mail.Left note there that I was headed for the Beach Ranch via the old ranger trail out ofthe north end of Lower Doane Valley. Clear and hot. Made tea at Yellow Pine Camp and cooked two spuds. Had to divide pack into two portions, and it took all day to get up the hill and half way east in Lower French Valley. ~~Brauns-~~ Brawns had passed the mail box going down the mountain at about 6 A.M. They came into French Valley on the way back just as I had passed the old camping grounds of the Beauty Mountain Fire Fire-fighte fighter's crew. They called out; "Hullo, Bob"! Seemed to be greatly amused over something. May have been Bob and his mountain-high load of dunnage tied on the little dinky old garden plow. Well -- that doesn't worry me any -- I like making people happy. Mosquitos bad for awhile after I went to bed at dark under the starry sky tra la. Thunderheads east.

Thursday. June 15. Clear and hot. Thunderheads to east at noon and later. Arrived at Kenneth Beach cabin about noon. Clean tuckered out. After lunch -- hot oat meal mush and coffee -- I back-tracked to half a mile west of Bill's hose where I had unloaded my blankets. On return, while still some distance from Bill's, I noticed a

flock of great white birds wheeling around and around -- at first only two or three hundred feet above the Beach house -- ever and ever increasing theirm altitude -- until out of sight, except when the rays of the morning sun flashed downward from the under side of a pair of tilting wings. At the same time I was hurrying toward the house -- I had an idea that the Beaches would want to see the wonderful sight -- but the last flash came as I was nearing the orchard fence. May have been cranes -- or white pelicans. After getting th home blankets and bed made up in Kenneth's cabin I loafed around most of the afternoon. Once I went down the trail to Saw-Pit Spring for water. Then again on down past the spring to Bill's older Ginseng Gardens. He had watered the plants a short time before my arrival there. This is his day for watering all of the Sang plants in both plantations.

Friday. June 16. Clear and hot. At noon some thunderclouds to the east. Started early on hike towards Hipoint looking for Red Shank. Found one little colony about half way up -- not enough to bother with. Went on around on the Forest Service road to north side of peak. Went down the hill toward Oak Grove a bit , but finding no more Red Shank, turnback. Saw some green grass and trees some distance ahead. May be a spring there -- good place to camp -- but no use if no Shank. Back to Kenneth's cabin. After dinner did up some of my stuff and packed it over to Bill's for him to ta take down to the Doane Cabins first chance. Found Hrs Hill there with the little black mare and Old Blue. Maryann ~~Beac~~ Beach had been clear over to Judson's on the south ridge

and back as far as the Hill Ranch traveling afoot. There th they had saddled up the two animals and ridden over to the Beach Ranch. I took Blue over to Kenneth's cabin and put the rest of my stuff on him -- after cinching him up good and tight -- Blue all the time grunting as though I were Killing him dead entirely. Then back to Bill's. Bill lugubriously informed me that Ranger Rogers and Mr. Jermo had been around yesterday looking all over for me. I told Bill that I had been at the cabin all yesterday P.M. I clean forgot that I had been dow down to the Sang gardens part of the time. So maybe I'm a l lier. But unintentional. Mr. Rogers had been down to the Te pee Camp grounds. Mr. Cowles and others had gotten in with pipe, lumber, etc. According to Bill, Ranger Rogers and Brother Cowles hadn't gotten together on the fire-protection business and that Rogers felt that I -- Bob Asher -- should hustle back home and see about it. Well, Bob was soon on his way -- Mrs Hill in the lead riding Grace and leading Old Bl Blue -- Bob alongside trundling the now empty one-wheel truck. There were some cattle in French Valley , but I kept on the far side of Old Blue and there was no stampede. Stop ping in at the Hill house Miss Josephine got into her hik- ing outfit and the procession continued on as far as the head of my Tiger Lily Trail. Me -- I was pretty near all in when I reached home at Spruce Hill Camp.

Saturday. June 17. Mr. Cowles and three other men busy in- stalling the 2 inch pipe line. Bob Fleisher and Boy Scouts arrived and arriving at 10.30 A.M. All hands dismayed by the mountain of stuff unloaded from truck and to be gotten by hand down to the Tepee. I left them and went over to my

mail box. Nothing there yet, so went over to the gate to wait. Car came along with some boy scouts aboard. Mr. Parker, the driver, had lost his way , and was a long distance off from the road he should have taken. I took the boys in charge -- each one of them carrying a little stuff. We wait ed for a few minutes at the gate when Mrs Hill and Miss Jo came along with the mail. A note to me from Eddie Lyon asking permission to stay at my Yellow Pine Camp. He stated that he would be out of the Weyss cabin tomorrow the 18th. Wanted me leave word at mail box or with Mrs Hill not later than 4 P.M. tomorrow. I told Mrs Hill to tell him that it would be all right. Then the boys -- John, Paul, ~~Vincent-an~~ Vincent and Richard -- and I took the road and trail for my camp. Arriving at the end of the road above my house we found Bob Fleisher tired out and discouraged. T- It seemed to me that the greater part of the pile of goods and dunnage gone -- but Bob said big lot left.

Sunday. June 18. Clear all day. Hay fever bad last night -- worst yet. Must get out of here -- so took part of my beddi bedding to Yellow Pine Camp on the way up to Hill's. Uncle Tom able to get about a little on crutches -- but it doesnt do his foot any good.Don Gordon came in from the road with a couple of his friends -- a man and his wife. Man even deafer than Don. I came back in the afternoon by way of Yel low Pine Camp -- but no Eddie yet. Went on over to Spruce Hill and lay down on the bed for a few minutes -- then decided to beat it back to Yellow Pine. Took more blankets and some grub. Slept outside on the ground. No Eddie. No Gus.

ccc33. Diary. Asher. Palomar.

Monday. July 19. Crossed over canyon to Spruce Hill and then down to the Tepee. Camp not in shape yet. Bob Fleisher and Byron Hoff grave and sober-faced. I asked Fleisher where he proposed having the camp fire. "Hav'n't decided yet." I told him about District Ranger Rogers anxiety. That Rogers and ~~been~~ Jermo had been over to Beach's hunting for me and that they had left word for me to get back home and see about it. Fleisher went right up in the air, so I tried to calm him down by telling him how reasonable I considered Rogers requests to be. That Fleisher didn't calm down the least bit. He knew more about fire-protection in a minute than a youngster like Rogers -- why, he, Fleisher had had many more years of experience. I admitted that Rogers looked very young -- but that he had had many years of ~~experien~~ actual experience fighting fires in the Foest Service and that he felt that he was responsible for the proper safe-guarding o of the Baptist Boys Camp. Fleisher declared that he was responsible for things going right too. "Well." I said, trying to put on the proper amount of judicial dignity, "Rogers ought to have sympathy with you and you with Rogers." Then the question came up; "How much space to be cleared around the camp fire. "A hundred feet across", I said, quot Rogers. "No such thing", snapped Fleisher, "I know the law it says fifty feet only." "Fifty feet each way from the ~~fi~~ fire?" "Yes!" Well", I declared triumphly, "That makes fifty feet across, all right." Bob reluctantly admitted such to be the fact and then very innocently called my attention to the branch of an oak tree only part way chopped off. That gave me a lovely opening for the statement that the boys

didnt seem to care to take any advice from me while they we were doing the chopping, but that afterward, when the fire was getting away from them they were quite ready enough to accept my help and adapt my advice. I doubt whether Fleisher took it in that I was hitting in his direction -- had been trying to make the point for his benefit as well as Carl's. As I was leaving I told him that I had moved camp over to Yellow Pine and might not be down to the Boys Camp again for a day or two, and not at all if I should go over to Oak Grove. So I pick up a load at Spruce Hill and am now here at Yellow Pine Camp. About noon -- no Gus -- noEddie. Have started to clear a space under the oak trees for an out-o-door cooking and eating place. Planning a cloth studio. May stay here all summer and paint.

Tuesday. June 20. Clear. Early frost in Lower Doane. Went over to Spruce Hill and got heating stove, etc. Wrote a letter to Barnes that I had concluded to waste no more time on Red Shank -- Chamiso. Also to the Vacher's thanking them for the oranges. Went up to mail box and left the letters there and walked over to the remains of the old Doane barn Rested and then started a pencil sketch. Saw a horseman ride into the place where the Arthur Stones usually camp. Arthur and Bud Stone eating lunch. Visited awhile, Arthur taking a snooze. So I left them and went down to themcreek for dock greens. After a bit I noticed the Stones riding towards Lower Doane. Mrs Hill and Miss Jo came along on Grace and Blue -- but had no mail for me. They said that Bill Beach was bringing the mail and potatoes. Stone came

back from Lower Doane and chatted for 20 or 30 minutes at gate. Two Baptist Boy Scouts back from postoffice with mail for camp. Told them I might get down to theirm camp in the morning. Then, much later, Bill and Maryann Beach. Letter from Barnes doubling order for Chamiso. Wants the 2001b soon. Also wants sample "Sunflower-Root". Increased order makes the proposition more interesting.

Wednesday. June 21. Clear. Up the hill early to Weber's. The Webers and Eddie Lyon having breakfast. Gus is working on Agua Tibia Trail beyond Morgan Hill. Mrs Gus fixing up wire along the Brawn-Weber boundary line so could pasture off the cleared strip. Eddie helping her. Mrs Weber called up Rogers at Oak Grove. Johnnym Mc Cool with truck and men up Morgan Hill. Going back to Oak Grove tonight. All right for Bob to go along with them. So I hustled down to Yellow Pine and threw together blankets etc. -- just what I could carry in one load. Rogers had said he didnt know what time Mc Cool would be starting from Morgan Hill. Got to the Brawn corner by 12.20. Waited there more or less impatiently until-4-P.M. when Gus came along riding Billy. The truck came a few minutes later and Gus threw my things aboard, and we were off -- at long last -- bound for Oak Grove. Five men on truck. Man from Elsinore wanted to know if I had any wood on my place! Told him I had. He wanted for 1000 cords stove wood. Told him I had lots of fallen stuff but could make no price. He intimated that he might call on me after getting through with the Forest Service job. Arrived at Oak Grove Ranger Station found Rogers busy

in shop. He offered me the use of a tent with wood floor which he kept for guests. Also said I could gather Red Shank on government land across the creek south -- base of Palomar. So here we are! Hurray! Hurrah!

Thursday. June 22. Clear. Not so warm last night as I had expected. Toward morning needed all blankets I had brought along.Day hot. Sorry I couldn't have brought that box full of lovely Vacher oranges the Baptists truck had brought up to my Spruce Hill Camp. Spent the morning cutting off sprays of Red Shank. Back to Ranger Station for lunch. Went over to Wentworth's store and got some butter, bread, etc. Wentworth's son-in-law waited on me. From Long Beach. Was chewing beeswax. Had had a long siege of the "flu". Weeks in hospital. Now at "Uncle John's to try to shake it off entirely. But lungs beginning to bother. Had been told to chew beeswax. So! So! No postoffice here. At Aguanga. I inquired about chances for getting stuff hauled to railroad. He said man from down the valley went to vicinity of Los Angeles twice a week. Did his hauling for him. He declared that he was out of potatoes, but, observing my dismay at the prospect of trying to get along without potatoes he rummaged around and finally discovered a few -- old, shrivelled, sprouted ones -- which he gave me free of charge. P.M. hot! Worked under shade of an oak tree stripping the sprays of Red Shank I had cut in the morning. Most of after noon at this. Too slow entirely -- and product not so good-- too many coarse stems get in. Before quitting for the day tried shearing off fine end tips in bunches held between

thumb and fingers of left hand. Quicker -- some -- and results more promising. Rogers stopped in at my tent for a few minutes chat.

Friday. June 23. Tried out the clipping method all day. Looks better. But some coarse stems get in even yet. Think I can fix that by sorting over the stuff after at gets dry. Took a blanket and lunch out to the Chamiso with me. Blanket so could take a siesta at noon without fear of catching more cold. Quite a breeze up up there after 10 A.M. Nose still stuffy at night -- but think condition improving.

Saturday. June 24. Clear. Hot. Worked at Chamiso all day -- clipping tips -- allee samee barber. Mid-day sun started cooking some of the freshly gathered material. So got some old grain sacks at Wentworth's store for covering.

Sunday. June 25. Clear. Hot. After breakfast took sacks over to Chamiso piles and covered part to keep sun from burning. Had bath -- but no shave -- razor left behind at home. Walked up the road to the east a bit and then off main highway and took road to the left. After about an hour and a half's walk came to ranch. Chicken man in charge. Dog named "Tippy". Man friendly, and we swapped experiences until about 1 o'clock. Name Abel Zumbo. Boss named Birwin. Not sure that I have the names exactly right. Zumbo was for 15 years steward for a club near Los Angeles. Swiss parents. Born in New York . Knew Al Smith. Didn't care for him. Painted houses at first, but after three or four

years doctor advised change. Was steward until let out -- club members mostly Catholics -- and he had joined the Masons. After that he took a course in electric wiring, etc. at Automotive School, Los Angeles. First job after completing course was on a state building. Was asked at noon lunch hour whether he had been for Rolfe or Young. Replied; "For Young." At quitting-time was told to report at office Monday morning. Which he did -- and was let out -- not because of failure to do work properly -- but because contractors wanted only Rolfe men on the job. Zumbo was full of rattlesnake stories. At first he assured me that hte average daily take of rattlesnakes in the immediate vicinity of the house was seven! Later he amended it to average of between one and two..Once he got eight in the cellar -- one -- two -- three -- four -- five -- six -- seven -- eight -- just like that! Then there were two in ~~th~~ the kitchen near the stove. One on the ledge beside cupboard a little higher than the top of the stove. I was sitting right beside the stove while he was telling about it. He had been "holding down" the place for Birwin past three or four years for his groceries and a small allowance for gasolene etc. Asked me ~~I~~- if I would take offence at the loan of a razor. Knew how it was with the young bloods at the club -- no offence meant. He brought out a shaving outfit and provided me with hot water -- but the fool razor wouldn't work -- not with my beard. So I had to give it up as a bad job -- and it was a bad job, believe you me! Now I have neither a clean face nor a reasonabally decent Week-old beard. When I was ready to go Zumbo said that he had to

go to Aguanga and offered me a lift back to the Ranger Station. At the Ranger Station he picked up one of the Forest Service employees -- the cook, I think. He invited me to visit him again. Said there was about 20 acres of good Red Shank on the bosses land a mile or two east of the house that I could work on. Water there -- but no building. After lunch I read for awhile, but it was too hot in the tent and too windy outside. So I took the piece of ~~canv~~ canvas and took it beyond the public camping grounds north of the station and spread it out under the shade of oak and protected from wind by growth of bushes. Took it easy for an hour or two. Then back to the tent. Still too hot. Walked west to top of divide and then struck up for top of hill to south. Big rock crowning hill. Scrambled up. Saw man directly beneath me in the brush. Then a voice; "Hullo, Mr. Asher," Couldn't place him at first -- but had seen him around Wentworth's. His name? "Bill". Otherwise, Bill Darling. Bill was an old frien of Bosewell. Bosewell had married an Arizona girl -- not a Wentworth as I had supposed. Bill was another chap whose finances had gone all to pieces. Didn't know how long would stay but had "burned his bridges behind" him. He piloted me down towards the creek to show me rock with Indian grinding holes. On the way back I noticed a big overhanging rock. Went up to take a look see. Hanging to the under side of the rock was a whole colong of black wasps. Called Bill to come lookee. When Bill arrived the wasps suddenly scattered. We dittoed! Got back to the main road near the old Bell homesite. Remains of old bridge and some cement work. Saw skunks single-filing out of the grass ,

down the bank, and into a hole in the cement. Seven half-grown skunks all in a row!

Monday. June 26. Clear. Hot. Clipping Red Shank all day. Wrote letter to S.O.Barnes & Son. Rogers dropped in. Told about my shaving troubles. "I'll give you an outfit," he declared. So he went over to the house and fetched back a brand-new, "Hobo Army" Gem Razor outfit. Wouldn't take anything for it. Said it hadn't cost him a cent. Had several more. Was on duty at a Hobo Camp during the winter, and when camp broke up in the spring a lot of donated stuff was divided up. He had found the shaving outfits in his share of the loot.

Tuesday. June 27. Clear. Hot. Clipping Red Shank all day. Lost my pocket knife out there somewhere. Tried to shave with new razor. Palmolive soap. No mirror. Mostly more than a week's growth of whiskers, so didn'T do a very remarkably good job.Think have enough Red Shank clipped, so may give it a rest for a day or two and try my hand at pencil sketching. Hay fever worse last two nights. Think trouble caused by dust from turning over the nearly dried piles of Red Shank.

Wednesday. June28. Clear. Seemed kinda hot --mbut only 84 in the shade. Turned over, spread and loosened up Chamiso. Brought in part of a big sack full of dry. Hiked down the valley via Paden Road. Crossed creek. Notised a man in an alfalfa field other side of creek. Went back across creek and talked with him for a few minutes. One of the three Bailey brothers. This was the one with the whiskers. He

told all about lands the brothers had acquired one way or another. Said proper name for Red Shank was "Red Shag". Left him and went down same side of the creek to a point below Paden's. Then north. Then east up a little hill. Good view, but too hot a location for comfort, so struck back to creek again. Met Mr.Paden and boy hauling home a load of very "mustardy" hay. He said his goats would eat it. Boy chipped in. Said they had two nannies, two bucks, and two kids. Mr. P. invited me to call in at his place. Went up creek on south side to a clump of willow and cottonwood trees. Nice, shady place for a siesta. So did. But not for very long. Ants! Went up the bank and found a bench with scattered oak trees. Looked promising to my artist eye, so wandered around looking for pictures. N.G. Light not right. Also too hot and windy. But some good picture stuff here early morning or late afternoon. At tent about 4 P.M. and rested for awhile. Then started for the store. Bill Darling near the Wentworth barn. Introduced me to young Mr. Wentworth. Young Wentworth invited me over to his house to look at his Indian ollas. He had five in the attic -- Four each about a foot in diameter, and one much larger. Bosewell later told me that Wentworth had once refused $200.oo for the larger one. It seemed to me, however, that there was a crack in the large one. Wentworth said that he had only about 30 arrowheads left. Didn't know just where they were having lately moved to his present location, but would look them up. I am to call at the house between five and six tomorrow afternoon. Dewey Rogers told me about some rare China trees on the station grounds. Leaves turn

to most wonderful colors in themfall. Upon examination of the trees I found two with small fruits or seed capsules -- but all empty! The name Rogers gave me sounded something like "Pistachio". Spoke to Rogers about protecting my supply of Red Shank in case the business proved to be worth while. He said that it would not be necessary for me to rent land from the government -- that I could have the privilege of collecting shank free of charge. He told me that I had been working on land leased to Wentworth -- which was all right -- but that there was plenty of unleased government land farther up the mountain. "Fine so far", I said, "but I would want a place for a permanent camp". He seemed to fall in with the idea of a permanent camp and suggested"Willow Spring", half way up on the old trail to Sour Dough Spring. He said that I could make camp there and that it was not necessary to clear a space of more than 25 feet across for the little fires I would need. He knew that I was a careful sort of a fellow. So I borrowed a hoe from him and figure on going up early tomorrow morning to investigate and possibly do a little clearing, Have no idea of making camp there unless I get a further order for Red Shank in quantity. A flock of pigeons flew over the Ranger Station headed for Palomar. I forgot to mention the fact that I had met the elder Wentworth on my way down the valley. Bose was there. I asked about empty grain sacks for shipping my Red Shank. Uncle John said that he could spare a few at 4 cents each. Last evening, after closing of the polls, I went over to the school house to watch the counting of the ballots. Andrew Pierson was Inspector of Election board. Seventeen votes were cast for Repeal and same for

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Race Tracks, with seven against each of the two propositions. Mr. Bailey told me this morning that Martin Jeffries and Andy Pierson had married sisters -- Scandinavians. Well, I reckon this is enough for one day!

Thursday. June 29. Clear. Warm. Started up trail about 4.40 A.M. Walked pretty steadily for three hours. No signs of Willow or any other spring. Started back home, but rested three fourths of an hour in the shade of a clump of Red Shank bushes. Home in 5 1/2 hours from start. Hueston and Rogers working in the shop. According to Hueston, the directions I received yesterday -- including the "up-to-date" map in the office -- all quite a bit off. Willow Spring much farther from Rattlesnake Trail. Have to go for a mile on another trail to get to it. Reached tent fagged out. Rested awhile as best I could in the hot tent, but finally gave it up and went for a walk down south side of creek as far as the Bailey Ditch and Flume. On way back saw young Wentworth near his father's barn.He had found his arrowheads. I am to go over a bit later to see them. Now 5.50 P.M. Saw a badger crossing road on my way up the hill this morning. Badger took it quite leisurely -- no special hurry to get himself out of my way. Received letter from Barnes inclosing p.o.m.o. for ten dollars. Letter dated June 28. Asked Bosewell to cash money order for me -- no can do. Then the mail carrier. Still nothing doing! Said authorities getting mighty particular. Had had to take two money orders ~~ba~~ back to postoffice lately. While waiting for the mail ~~carri~~ carrier at the store one to two P.M., a health officer stopped his car in front. Wanted to know about a "Bergman Place

in San Diego County". Wasn't interested in the present Bergman home at Aguanga, Riverside County. Bosewell finally remembered something about an old Bergman Homestead 2 1/2 miles west. Health officer said that a man named Stephanson was accused of polluting water of ditch supplying a Mexican familyliving on the Bergman Place. Bose said that Stephanson had a chicken house -- or something of the sort right over ditch. Mr. Bailey told me the other day that the Old Bergman Place was in an estate to be closed and was for sale. ~~Seems like may be a darkey in the wood pile. If the Mexicans -- paying even a little rent -- could be driven off the place without attracting too much attention -- and someone were on the lookout for forced-sale bargains -- figure it out for yourself~~. At 7 P.M. went over to young Mr. Wentworth's. Not at home -- over in the public camp grounds. Part way there I met him coming back. Man from Banner -- Wentworth's old home-- in camp with old-fashioned covered wagon. Wentworth showed me the arrow points. Not so very many perfect. One a very good clear quartz specimen. Some from desert and Arizona. Those from hereabouts same as Palomar. He has a dandy arrow-straightener and some old Mexican and Spanish coins found here. He told me that he wanted to show me something special and for me to jump into the car. Am not telling just where we went, but we left the car and climbed up through brush to a naturally hollowed out granite boulder -- hollow on the under side -- located in a saddle between two little peaks. An Indian cave with painting on the roof. Design in red paint. Roof blackened by smoke. Indians had probably lived in it.

ccc45. Diary. Asher. Palomar.

Friday. June 30. Filled and tied up two sacks of Chamiso. Then gathered chia and thistle poppy seed and seed-pods of the bush lupin. In afternoon walked up road to the east. A red-winged aeroplane made a low turn or two and landed smack in the middle of a hay field beside the road. A forest Service car had passed me a short time before and had left car beside field. Not acquainted with any one of them. Rogers later told me that he had been up in the plane on a tour of inspection earlier in the day. Aeroplane men were half an hour getting motor started again. I talked with one of the hay-balers working on a stack in the field. He said that Martin Jeffries was working with them but that he had not returned from lunch. Said Martin was a "fine fellow". Martin's sister had married a man living at Dead Man's Hole. They had some Indian relics. I climbed hill to south and then along top or ridge to almost overlooking the ~~Garener~~ Gardéner pasture. Then dropped to the creek and turned down the valley through some fine old cottonwoods and oaks to a homesteader's cabin near the new Ranger road up Palomar. Homesteader at home. Name, Brady. Over seventy years old. Boy of about eight or ten years age. Grandson. Both had been doing some pencil work. Mr. Brady had made copies of ~~pictures~~ portraits of Lindy and Amelia. Also of Trotsky. Not at all bad. Seemed to be much interested in my oil-painting work. Invited me to camp. Went so far as to show me a good camping place under big oak tree. Looks good. May ~~ta~~ take up his offer later. I asked Dewey Rogers about Red ~~Sha~~ Shank above Ranger Road gate. He said would look it up. The Gardéner property is known as ~~the~~ the Old Purdue Place, and

line adjoins Brady's on the east. Brady has 80 acres in his homestead entry. He seemed a bit discouraged, but said that the new highway would go through his place.

Saturday. July 1. Started early on foot for Aguanga Post-office. About 3 1/2 miles ea west of Ranger Station near the top of the grade I noticed a very attractive looking new place -- granite boulders, trees and little rock gardens. Stopped in. Owners at home -- a Mr. and Mrs Mercereau. Friends of Gus Weber's. Soon as they learned that I was a friend of Gus also, they made me right at home. Offered to let me camp in their tent-house if I wanted to sketch or paint. Fine view -- paintable -- from this spot. Rested awhile, and then was on my way again. Half a mile hike -- then a pick-up as far as the Aguanga Store. Mrs Clark -- the postmistress -- cashed my money order. Bought can of beef and a dozen oranges. No lift this time. I had left my jacket, and a "jimmy" I had picked up in the road, at Mercereau's -- so I stopped in. Early yet -- about 10 A.M. They invited me to stay for dinner -- 12.3o. Dinner very good. Rabbit. First I had tasted in many years. His name -- Charles -- Charles M. After a short stay was on road, but had hardly started when a lady with a small girl offered me a lift. She wanted to know distance to Civilian Army Camp at Port La Cruz. Let me off at Ranger Station. Had written Barnes for sacks -- but none by today's mail. So went over to Clyde Wentworth's. Got 6 sacks for 18 cents and 1 dozen big eggs for 20 cents. Took sacks out to Chamiso piles and packed three. Carried one in. May go back for

another -- now 6 P.M. -- but pretty tired. Must have walked 9 miles. On the way down to Aguanga, before reaching Mercereau's, I noticed a burro standing beside the road some distance ahead. Then, back a bit from the road, the queerest looking tent-like contraption maybe three feet high and a disreputable appearing man standing beside. As I drew nearer, a good-sized dog rushed out and started barking at me. The man called out a word or two and dog quit barking and appeared anxious to make friends with me. Of course I had to go in to the tent to get acquainted. I was out for adventure -- hobo or no hobo. He certainly was a seedy looking specimen. I quickly sized him up as a typical "desert rat" -- or even a way-down-and-out bum. But I soon learned that he owned seven or eight head of cattle, lived at Pala, Had bought the burro at Oak Grove for $15. and wouldn't sell the creature for $50.oo. At that moment the burro came over and muzzled my shoulder in the most friendly manner -- just as if she knew we were talking about her. The man said that his name was "Old Jim" -- "Old Jim of Pala". Just before reaching Old Jim's hangout I had picked up a steel instrument about 18 inches long and somewhat resembling a house-wrecker's "pinch bar", but without the crook at one end. I had thought that it had fallen from some automobilist's tool kit -- but Old Jim said that it and was a burgler's "jimmy" and that I had better not let an officer catch me with it. Jim and the burro and the dog had left Chihuahua Valley at 4 P.M. yesterday and had "made" the forty miles in fine shape. He owned the "Mint Mine" and had been up there to do the annual assessment work. Had taken

out some pretty good ore. Had had the mine for many years. Knew old "Wid" Helm. Helm rather a hard character. Wid's land adjoined boundary of Jim's claim. Wid a dead shot. Jim's hired men afraid of Wid and his cow boys. Jim told about two claims owned by different partys but which were adjoining. The man on one claim had been pegging away on his claim for years with little success. Then the owner of the other claim came out one day and in thirty minutes dug out 90 pounds(I think that is the right figure -- it was a good many ponds at any rate) of tourmalines and made a clean-up of seven hundred dollars. "If you could make a find like that", continued Jim, "You wouldn't have to work for your living any more". He told me to look for the tourmalines in the red soil -- "they come just like hills of potatoes!" Jim had told me his last name in them beginning, but I didn't quite get it. So, just before leaving, I asked him to spell it out for me. "T-$\frac{3}{4}$ "T--H -- U -- R -- M -- A -- N. Thurman -- Old Jim Thurman." "Thurman?" I exclaimed, "Why, I used to know a Jim Thurman in San Diego about the time of the Spanish War. We roomed together for a month or two with Charlie Cook!" "That was me." said Jim. "You were studying law then." "I was." So we shook hands for old times sake. He had but one good eye. "Wid had one blind eye like me". I did not venture to ask him how he got it. When I knew him as a law student he always dressed neatly and went out quite a bit with a young lady whose father at the time was ~~quite~~ very prominent in the city's political and lodge circles. If I remember rightly, she later married an officer in the navy. Who can say what happened? Who can even guess? But to return

to Charles M. Mercereau: He said that he had never found a rattlesnake on the place.. I spoke of the heat. He didn't mind it so much. When he was first clearing the place he once worked for three days when the therometer got as high as 110 degrees each day. But the heat doesn't go so well with Mrs mercereau. She has heart trouble so cannot accept invite to visit the Webers. The galvanized roof over Weber's big tent is just visible from the Mercereau house, and they can sometimes see the light of Weber's car as he drives into his garage at back end of tent. Mrs M. wanted to know how I spelt my name -- she was writing to Mrs Weber telling about my visit. As the auto I was in passed Old Jim Thurman's camp I could see the the burro and the queer little tent were still there. Probably Jim was sleeping all day after the long, forty-mile night hike. Tent in full sun. Top of tent a heavy comforter much in need of repairs and soap suds. But probably better for keeping off the heat of the sun than the most immaculate canvas. I brought in the other two sacks of Chamiso after sunset.

Sunday. July 2. In the morning walked up valley and up the Ranger Grade for quite a distance. After dinner and a bit of a rest went down the valley to Paden's. Paden and boys up the canyon getting honey from a pine tree -- a bee tree. Mrs Paden was at home with her daughter, several youngsters, and Mr. and Mrs Sorenson. Mr. Paden soon back with a bucket full of honey in the comb. After awhile he led the way across creek and up hill to cave under a granite rock. Indian habitation evidently at some time in the long past. Many large bits of broeken pottery scattered about. Neck of

one olla -- must have been quite small. He has left everything just as he found it. Taking us back across the creek to a flat above and southeast of the house he called our attention to five rock circles. Rocks running from six to eight inches across. Paden's theory was that the rocks had been placed in position by Indians -- possibly prehistoric. These also he had preserved undisturbed.

Monday. July 3. Piled Chamiso sprays I had cut first morning on spread out sacks and began thrashing tips. Looks like too many coarse stems. Did not sack any -- hope I have enough from the four days of barbering tips from the bushes. Sacked balance. Eight tied sack and one double sack. Took one tied sack to Wentworth's barn and weighed it. 25 pounds gross. Guess I have enough to make up the 200 pounds. Clyde Wentworth told me that Paden's son-in-law ran a truck twice a week to LosAngeles. After lunch I hit the trail for Paden's. I had just closed Paden's gate near the highway when a car turned in to the gate. I opened up to let them through. When they learned I was bound for Paden's they invited me to ride. An elderly couple -- Paden's father and Mother. Arranged with Mr. Paden to have his son-in-law deliver the shipment of Chamiso directly to S.O.Barnes & Son at Gardena. Rate to Los Angeles is 20 cents per 100 pounds -- not much more to Gardena. Paden said some good pictures up the canyon. I was not so sure anything paintable. He wanted to take me up there anyhow -- some time. I handed him $1.00 on account of hauling Chamiso and told him to leave the change at Ranger Station when he got the Chamiso and could tell about the ~~we~~ weight. Back home to the tent and tagged the sacks. Orange

peddler came along and sold a box of oranges to Hueston at Fireman's cabin. Then he drove over opposite the Ranger cabin. I went out and asked him if he was selling oranges. Rogers broke in with: "I'm getting a box. I'll give you some, Bob. He doesn't want to be bothered with selling small quantities!" That was all right with me, so I went back to the tent. Some time later Rogers came by and told me that there was a box of oranges in the wood-shed and for me to help myself whenever I wanted any. Still all right -- and thank you Dewey Rogers! Thrashed out more Chamiso. Part of pile still left. Hueston shot two red-headed woodpeckers -- one from eucalypt tree on one side of tent and tother from the other. Saw two yellow-hammers in front of the tent, but they do not seem to be the ones that do the damage. Rogers declared that it was the red-headed woodpeckers, but I had actually seen yellowhammers at work digging holes into redwood siding under gable roofs and so was inclined to doubt the correctness of Rogers assertions. He said that he would show me, and he did. At the school house across the way. There were lines of acorn holes just below the shingles of the roof. Woodpecker work sure enough! Yellow hammers dig holes of a size to accomodate yellow hammers -- The red-headed woodpeckers dig holes to receive acorns -- quite a difference! There were a number of larger holes in the old-fashioned corner ornaments. The frame of the door and corner boards of wood shed filled with holes. Some live-oak acorns in place. School house quite an old building. Once sported a bell-tower, but tower had to be taken down -- pronounced unsafe because of wood-pecker's work.

Tuesday. July 4. Plenty hot! Up to 92 degrees in the shade. Sacked more Chamiso. Two sewed sacksin addition to the 9 sacks clipped stuff. Rogers reported one lone duck flying south. Rather early for the fall flight. Three truck loads of Civilian Army boys passed on way to Rodeo at Julian. Others yesterday and Sunday, but I didn't happen to see them. From Temecula. Boys all working on fire guards, and standing it pretty well -- according to Rogers. He says that the Civilian Army may be in existance for two years. If a boy does not care to reinlist after a six-months term he is sent back home.

Wednesday. July 5. Very hot. & 76 degrees at store. Others complaining too -- Mrs Bosewell and Mrs Hueston. Finished sacking shattered Chamiso. No sign or word from Paden or his son-in-law. Thunderheads around. Jermo at Lookout Station, Bougher Hill, reported threat of rain there. Clear at dark. East wind most of day. Rogers invited me to have supper with him -- but too late -- I had already finished eating. But went over and visited with him until nine or ten o'clock. Kids and Missus away from home.

Thursday. July 6. Wrote to Barnes and Mrs Hill. Was up the valley by Brady's. Mr. Brady not well. Yesterday's heat too much for him. Said that an old man like himself shouldn't have to stand it. Went on along old road past Gardiners and up along his pipe-line from the canyon. Saw a big rattler, but he got away from me in the bushes. Cut northeast cross country to old road again. Finally crossed valley to north and up low hills. Some very nice Chamiso here. Glancing back

the way I had come noticed something that looked like a very ancient barn below where I had crossed and perhaps half a mile above Gardiner's. Another large barn to the southeast. More hills and to Post Office Canyon and the highway and so home. Dewey had gone over to Pamo to put up some notices. Mrs Rogers and family back from San Diego at 2 P.M. At about 3 P.M. I went east on the highway again a s far as the hay-field and then up the hills to the north, but found little of especial interest. No word from Paden yet. Mr, Bosewell said that Paden drove past the store this morning. He had seen nothing of Paden's son-in-law.

Friday. July 7. 98 degrees the high for the day. Started ~~do~~ down the valley to see Paden, but met him at the gate. Son-in-law not arrived yet. Paden offered to return the dollar, but I told him that if we could get the stuff to the rail-road at Hemet ~~that~~ it would be O.K. with Mr. Barnes. He said that if he made a special trip he would want enough freight to pay for the gasolene -- and no more -- he would have to get groceries soon anyway. I asked him when. He said soon. How much gasolene? About 75 cents from me would be enough. He said that he might take on the sacks on his way home from work tonight. He is running the thresher for the Baileys and has to take his pay in hay, therefore he must figure some way to get the cash to buy gasolene. I rode up with him into the Bailey home grounds northeast of Ranger Station. There was a fair-sized house. "The old Bailey home!" he explained. I had heard that the Baileys attitude toward chance visitors was somewhat hostile, so I very promptly made my way out to the highway and then east for about a mile when I turned

north into the hills into rolling country somewhat different from that of yesterday. Found good views of Palomar and Bea Beauty Mountains. Some attractive rocks and good-sized patches of bare ground. All brush and no bare ground makes the landscape painter neither happy, wealthy or wise. Excuse it please! Stuck around camp all afternoon. Washed and mended and washed again. Paden passed by late, but didn't stop in. Mr. Causey's police dog around. Seems to be quite friendly.

Saturday. July 8. Had bad attack of hay fever in the night. Dust kicked up repacking Chamiso probable cause. Had been almost free of hay fever lately. Started several colored pencil sketches. Mr. and Mrs Hueston and Charlie Rogers went rabbit-hunting up the valley. Hueston got a young jack and a cottontail. Gave me the cottontail. When I got around to skinning the rabbit I found that I was working under three expert skinning instructors -- the twins and Charlie. Mr. Paden has just driven in and loaded on the sacks of Chamiso. He said that it was too late to take it to Hemet tonight. May be Monday before it can go. Or son-in-law may get in tonight and so take to Gardena after all.

Sunday. July 9. After leisurely breakfast struck out west on highway to top of divide. Thence north to top of near-by hill through tall, unburned Chamiso. Saw some green trees in distance northwest, so went over to investigate. Half a dozen good-sized cottonwoods. No surface water, but some damp ground. Back to camp arriving about 10.15. Noticed Paden's little truck parked near schoolhouse. Two other cars. Sunday school. Roger's youngsters in attendance. Rogers

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Came over to the tent just as I had started potatoes and cooking the rabbit for dinner. He asked me if I would care to go up the mountain. I assured him that I not only cared but would be delighted, ~~at a chance to get a ride up the mountain.~~ He said that he would take me up in the "Cheese-Cutter". He was planning on getting up the mountain later in the week on Forest Service business but would be unable to take me along. He was to be away from home Monday to Wednesday or ~~Th~~ Thursday and would come into my place from the other way to inspect the Baptist Camp Grounds. We left Ranger Station about 12 noon. Two hours getting to the head of my Tiger Lily Trail, where he let me off. He declared that he would only be an hour getting back home. "Cheese-Cutter" a ~~stripp~~ stripped-down Overland. Wouldn't mind owning it myself, but don't suppose Dewey would care to sell. We stopped in at Hill's for my mail, but they had not brought any over except for the first mail day or two after I had left For Oak Grove. Mrs Hill said that she would get my mail on Tuesday. After supper went down to Tepee. No one there. Cabin built and windows boarded up. They had done a lot of clearing west end of flat. When I returned to my cabin I found a note dated July 8. (Yesterday) "Dear Asher -- Had some groceries -- afraid to leave them -- will write letter -- Cowles". This seems to indicate that no one will be in camp again very soon. However, there was water in the pipes -- so I reckon someone will be up to shut it off before winter.

Monday. July 10. Took some of my things down to the Tepee. Then back up and across to Yellow Pine Camp for more things. First reasonably comfortable mid-day since I left home two

and a half weeks ago. Wish I had alittle car like the Cheese-Cutter. Really need a car if I undertake any more collecting. After dinner took tools down to Tepee and started leveling-off for tent house.on my side of the boundary line. After supper over to the Iron Spring for more things.

Tuesday. July 1ϕ. Morning cutting brush Tepee Camp Terrace. After dinner went over to Yellow Pine for a load of stuff which I took through Doane Valley to the head of Tiger Lily Tril where I dropped it for the time being and hiked up to the mail box. Had a long wait for Mrs Hill and my two-weeks mail. Mrs Hill said that she was expecting to go down next Monday for a week's visit. Wanted me to look after ranch -- Uncle Tom and the girls had gone home to San Anselmo during my absence. Received letter from Barnes inclosing a $10.oo check.

Wednesday. July 12. Cutting brush on Tepee C amp Trail. Mr. Rogers turned up just as I finished lunch. Wouldn't have anything but a couple of oranges. Went down to Tepee. Said 30 feet must be cleared off every way from the Baptist Camp cabin. Also from where the boys had had their camp fire east to my line. Remarked; "What a dirty camp ground!" A lot of empty paper boxes scattered around kitchen-sites. Also bits of paper at boy tent sites and straw sprawling all over ground instead of being neatly piled. Rogers went up the hill and I worked awhile on T.C.T. Then up to house. Not feeling extra well. While Rogers was at the Tepee I gave him a lecture on the need of a Forest Service fire guard

Thursday. July 13.

to the west along the Meridian. Went up to mail box. Waited an hour and then caught sight of Mrs Hill riding up the valley. Stuck around until she returned. She was uncertain about getting off Monday or Tuesday. It depended upon how she was feeling and when the Brawn's would be going down.

Friday. July 14. Worked on T.C.T. A.M. and part of P.M. At about 2.30 P.M. heard someone yelling up the hill. Rushed up trail and met John Bunyan Smith and Mr. Cowles. They had had County Surveyor Childs down as far as the present end of the road above my house looking into road-construction possibilities. Said Sheriff Cooper favors removal of Prison Camp to Palomar and that Cowles had offered use of Baptist Camp grounds. Dr. Smith's son Bromley came through Stanford with flying colors. Won cup in debate. Has job as instructor in university. J.B. told me to "Call at house when you are in San Diego -- we have a bed for you". Cowles demanded tax statement of the 160 acres here. I had not been able to pay last year's taxes on either the San Ysidro or Palomar Mountain properties. Cowles told me that I had better use their cabin when working near the Tepee -- and Dr. Smith backed him up. Will send me key to cabin. Barring further instructions, I am to pull up intake pipe at creek and fasten it securely out of reach of possible flood waters.

Saturday. July 15. At 1.30 A.M. heard something rattling tins in the kitchen. Found tin cup onground and ants swarming all over plate and stew pan. Worked a bit on T. C.T. Not feeling well so stayed around house P.M. After

supper went down to Tepee and "heeledin" the plants I had brought home from Oak Grove.

Sunday. July 16. Breakfast and dinner at Hill's. Left for home 5 P.M. Mrs Hill is to go down with the Brawns at 6.15 A.M. on Tuesday. I am to start up as early as I please and get my own breakfast up there. Mrs Hill said that Gene and Nyla are to be at Weber's indefinately. Mrs Weber needs Genes help -- and his doctor had said that he must get away from busines on account of his health. If Gene is there Gus will be able to put in more time on government work. While I was at Oak Grove Dr. Crowie Dickson died as the result of an accident on the West End Grade. The Maurice Brauns are to rent a cottage at Bailey's -- either Milton's orMrs Shaules. An auto into my place during the day -- but no names on Visitor's Book.

Monday. July 17. Took four canvasses, easel and paints down to the Tepee and put them under the floor of the new cabin. Cutting brush and digging balance of morning. Didnt feel like work after dinner, so crossed over to Yellow Pine Camp to get some things I need. After supper took pail, skillet etc., part way down the trail to the Tepee.

Tuesday. July 18. Left home for Hill's at 4.15 A.M. Mrs Hill went down to the gate to meet the Brauns at 6.20. Got my own breakfast. Walk up tired me a good deal more than on Sunday.Took it easy all day. George Mendenhall and friend stopped in about 4 P.M. Wrote long letter to Pullan Foster, first since I was at San Ysidro in March. Copying original Declaration of Independence into diary. (Note--skipit here)